

WHY DON'T YOU BECOME

A YEARLY SUBSCRIBER?

# WAR CRY



VOL. XII. No. 44 [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUG. 1. 1896. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] Price 2 Cents



THE COMMISSIONER AT THE FARM.—See Page 3.





# A SAVED PRIZE FIGHTER.

**Billy McLeod, Ex-Champion Light Weight of England.**

## AN ARMY LIFE STORY.

### CHAPTER I.

#### Why 'tis Written.

"Not halloololah now and then, but halloololah reg'lar—that's it, me dear!" When that big sinner, Billy McLeod was caught, he was frantic with anguish and lumen on Salvation's shore, it was most truly "a real gran' catch."

It is now close on fourteen years ago. "On the 'tide, to tide, to stop in 'yer."

God's work will never forget; God's power in Billy, since that memorable night, hundreds, thousands of the fownd-moms will remember for aye.

On this ground—the continuance of grace begun in that desperate heart in the year '85—and enjoyed with exceeding delight, the movements, smiles and pains always have never been able to crush—we present such a character as William McLeod to our War Cry readers.

When his mother nursing him, lifted his wee hand to her mouth, and, with an upward motion of her lips, uncircled the little fingers that she might be able to pinky-pat him, and not anything of their deadly future craft. No! No!

"Id 'em, id 'em, den 'r' id 'em, she, in upholding tones, said, "Id 'em, id 'em, at the basin with a disappearance grunt, wriggled his fist away. "Who's vexing my little lad? Now, den, den, den; they shant do it."

This William McLeod introduces us, in 1853, to a small house in Manchester, the home of the McLeods.

William and Elizabeth McLeod were Scotch people, who had their home amongst the Scots in the early years of their married life. Two girls were born in the Land o' Heather, but their first son, William, was Manchester born, and always known to his mother as "William" by them, a small yet nevertheless significant testimony to their authority as parents, and to their nationality as well.

It was in street playmates who "called" the little lad, "Billy." Had he lived further South his name would only have had its tail clapped, and the polite "Mr." would have been a non-note. In this there is a marked difference between the street urchins of North-Country towns, and London.

And so the name of "Billy McLeod" entered into the community with its quaint roughness that mocks a polished tongue, has stuck to our comrade, and most likely will do for ever. Anyway, it matches the man down here.

### CHAPTER II.

#### A Seven-Year-Old Scavenger.

"I'm only fit to study, precept, list of sins, penitence, with the pangs of desire to get money, and a chance at that age to earn some, mey not prevent itself as hard. It certainly appears so to the bulk of us, but we're our pup for him, the youngest, his choice, he likely enough, prefers to go to work, if for nothing else than to realize his dream of being a man."

To possess trousers with pockets, perhaps a waistcoat with like receptacles, and, moreover, to get something to eat, though the poor boy had to land the short time of leaving factory to landing at home, was unquestionably mark of great advance, and, confirming him in his choice, the boy kind of living someone.

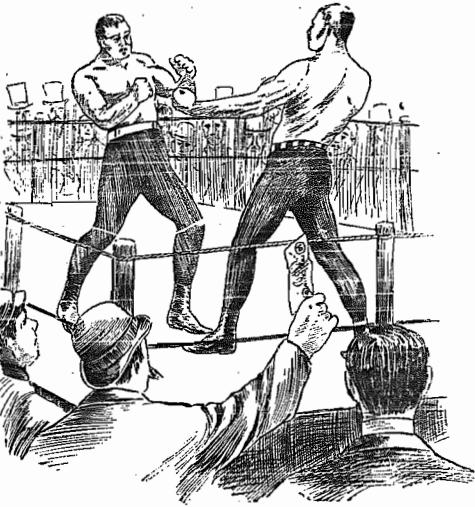
There was great need for son William to go early to work. The father, a laborer, was "a tremendous hard-worker, and—would you believe it?—a work for owt?"—norther did he stop a night away from the pub, and spent all day Sunday there as well. Strange it seems to us to could do the two, but it did. Poor Billy had such a hard drinker. If he had any of the drolery of his lad, there is no doubt he was a great favorite in the town, and the boy's name and manners is a great attraction to some people.

So the mother called up, and got off to his half-day's work, her little William and the boy trotted off, preferring the latter half of the day to the afternoon at school.

"Billy" shall answer the question you are about to ask as to his work. "I'm a seven-year-old boy, and a million—spinning-room, yer know, Hi, that's it" (with a nod)—sweepin' up 't bite."

Twenty pence was added a week to his mother's house-keeping purse as the result.

At this early age, and even long be-



It was nothing for him to be offered \$20 for a fight.

fore, for "it growed in me bones," the "thumping" propensity flourished.

"I thovt nowt at all about thumping anyone, lads or lasses; I allus up with me mother, and have 'em on my mind, and the lads, in what they said or did. Why, I've thumped Mary Ann mony a time when we were little 'uns together."

Miss Ann was not his sister—she

was his sweetheart—but we are rather anticipating our story. It will easily be guessed that frequent scenes took place at school, and in the street, whereupon Billy richly deserved "the good clouting" he seldom or never got.

Such a young scampagne couldn't go on very long without some narrow escape."

"When I was nine years old, I fell into a 'pit' (pond), and if a man hadn't heerd me scream, and come and pulled me out, I should er been drowned. It was a sight to see that, and I knew just how wicked I was, ya know; it all come up afore me."

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Champion.

"Betey!"

A shuffling step, and McLeod entered the house late one night. He belied out into the hall, thereby demanding instant attention.

So William lay there by the callumstal, and slipped out of bed to hear what he could. He half-divined it was something to do with his mother, though the remarks turned out to be exceedingly flattering, he dared not let his parents know he was listening. The youth steadily crept back again, trembled a slight with his father's grading order to him mother.

"Betey!"

"Yes, lad."

"William's goin' to be a champion fighter. He's been fightin' in a field, and all 'e men tells me he's a good-un. Se thou mon give him plenty o' meat—red meat—every day. Dost hev?"

Mrs. McLeod heard, of course.

"Me poor mother, she liked none on 't at all. These carryin's on weren't to her mind, but she was forced ter do what me father said."

Food, companions—everything helped to brutalize Billy. His mother's kindly heart, and often tearful face. "She was fit she was!"—penetrated not the grimacing, scowling, scowled, contemptuous, soul and body. As the strong frame of the sixteen-year-old pugilist defied blows and bruises, so his mind defied the thoughts of his sight. Meant it anything to him to watch two lad-combatants fiercely "scuttle" each other till one fell dead? No! Not a quid of feeling. The pity, if any, went out to the lad-murderer, who got fifteen months.

Billy had become notorious in the devil's circles. Far and near he was known. It is not surprising, therefore, that he found himself one day in prison.

"I'll just tell yer how it was. Me and Mary Ann and a few more was goin' to the 'Auld Coon' comin' along for t' night, and as we was going along, I seed a row up a alley, and went to see what it was about. Two drunks was at it with a fightin'! They had got another one loaded in 'er'ouse. Then the ushband come, and he

North Dakota, (where a great soul-saving work went on) and is now stationed at Mandan, N. D., on the west side of the Missouri River.

No. 2. Captain Baxter. Born in India, but was born again at Port Arthur, Ont.; went through Winnipeg Training Garrison, then to Portage la Prairie, and is now Captain Kemp's right-hand man. (Woman, you mean?) Though very meek, he life him.

No. 3. Lieutenant Parkinson. Was raised on the prairie; came to the Light in the year '85, and is now at Portage la Prairie four and a half years. Promoted to a Sergeant, then a corporal, and received his Salvation Army College education in the Grand Forks Training Garrison and Portage la Prairie Adjutant Gale. From the College he was sent with Ensign Smith to open Valley City, and next helped Captain Hewitt open Bismarck, where he is now stationed.

No. 4 is Captain Hewitt, who has been saved nearly eleven years, and has been sent to a signal officer and towns, and is a well-known individual around West Ontario, especially at a lot of hard goes. He was farewelled from Fort Garry by telegram, the messenger boy having hit the telegraph on the march that instructed him to farewell that night, which he did. He has been in the West four years, and is now Adjutant at the Fort Garry, the Capital of North Dakota, situated on the east side of the Missouri River. On the opposite side of the river is old Fort Lincoln, from which the brave General Custer marched to his last fight, being massacred by the Indian. Only one of his scouts escaped alive on horse-back to tell the tale.

No. 5 is Captain Johnny Hawk, who was born in the village of Seaford, Ont. He was born in the Army, and has lived in it ever since. He came to Winnipeg Corps some years ago, was promoted Adjutant, and for a time filled the position of Bandmaster. He went in the field about a year ago, and assisted at the opening of Rat Portage, then he was Captain at Grafton, and while Adjutant Gale, and from there he has been appointed the Junior Soldiers' Assistant for the North-West Province, and is now Adjutant to the 10th, with the rank of Captain. He loves his first wife, who is the proper man for the raising of the coming Army—Captain W. Hewitt.

## FIVE DAKOTA WARRIORS.

"Rode—Quickest Farewell on Record—Murdered by the Indians—Johnny's Juniors."

No. 1 is Captain Kemp, who came out from Seaforth Corps some years ago. She is well-known at Guelph as Rose; has been stationed at Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Calgary, Selkirk, Grand Forks; opened Grafton,

## THAT WIFE OF MINE.

"Well, that wife of mine has been in jail, I told, I told, for Incurables, and all sorts of places every day this week!"—quoth Major Read the other night, in a speech on his way home. See Mrs. Major Read's write-up on "A Day and a Week with the League of Mercy," to appear shortly.







OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.  
A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and  
sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation  
of the Salvation War in all places.  
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-  
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

How stands it between God and your  
soul now?

A Christian man is never long at  
ease.

"When your garments are white,"  
says Jesus, "the world will call you  
Mine."

This is War Cry Boom Week.

The War Cry has often been the  
means of blessing you, therefore you  
are responsible for increasing its circu-  
lation.

The outlined programme of the "Pro-  
digal Son Up-to-Date" Meeting, on an-  
other page, will be of good service to  
our comrades for the special meeting  
for the restoration of backsliders.

**The Commissioner at Grand  
Forks and Fargo, N.D.**

From Major Bennett's report of the  
Commissioner's visit to the above cities  
we learn of still more blessed and God-  
honored battles fought by our beloved  
Leader. The meetings have been held  
with open arms and hearts, and in  
a manner truly characteristic of this  
great pushing, wide-awake up-to-date  
country.

Notwithstanding the exhaustive jour-  
ney from Toronto via Chicago and St.  
Paul, to North Dakota, the oppressive  
heat, a counter attraction of a circus  
to the people crowded her meetings.

Major Bennett's report of the grand  
kane gives an inkling of the grand  
times at Butte and Helena, when 2,000  
people crowded into a tent at the lat-  
ter place to do honor to this woman  
of God.

Comrades, you will still bear in your  
Leader up to the Throne of God in the  
strong arms of prayer and faith. The  
long-continued journey has not been  
so arduous as to exhaust the strength of any  
ordinary person. Without taking into  
account the large receptions and meetings,  
the intervening correspondence, and  
the care of an enormous territory, of  
the command of the Territory. We  
shall yet record greater victories and  
triumphs for God and His Army as she  
continues her Journey Westward.

**Our General.**

The General, our grand and good  
Leader, still maintains his soul-saving  
record. At a great meeting in Copen-  
hagen in the King's gardens, 12,000  
people listened to our good General  
and 1,162 souls sought God during  
the day. In a Swedish town, a  
Corps of deaf and dumb people took an  
active part in the General's meetings,  
and 1,000 souls were converted. There  
were one or two deaf and dumb pen-  
tents at the Mercy Seat.

**More War.**

East Ontario Comrades can prepare  
their ammunition for a special battle.  
The Commissioner is shortly to visit  
several Corps of the East Ontario Pro-  
vince.

The Training Homes are shortly to  
be opened in Toronto, where all the  
Cadets from Ontario will be trained.

The Commissioner also intends holding  
some more Camp Meetings, as well  
as several weeks' Campaign in Tor-  
onto. Every Comrade, arm your  
swords and prepare for desperate  
battles. Our Commissioner is, what they  
say out West, "A Rustler."

**Two Barracks Burned.**

Major McMillan, the new Provincial  
Officer for Newfoundland, has arrived  
at St. John's. He reports the loss by  
fire of two of our Barracks, at Peiley's  
Bend, at Bonavista. A large  
body of our Comrades were burned out,  
which will prevent them from assisting  
very much with the finances for  
the erection of new Barracks. The  
Major is doing his best to raise money  
from some of his Canadian-Newfound-  
land Comrades towards these Bar-  
racks' funds. May God bless our Com-  
rades in their difficulty!



ENSIGN AND MRS. SAVAGE, in charge of London, Ont., Corps.

**A Warrior Promoted.**

Lieutenant Pifer has just been pro-  
moted to Glory from her home at Mor-  
peth, England, where she has been on  
furlough for some time. The bereaved  
relatives and friends have our deepest  
sympathy in this day of sadness.

**Our Fighting Britshers.**

Commissioner Coombs, the British  
Commissioner, continues his mighty  
soul-winning tours. 300 souls were won  
for Jesus during his recent visit to  
Middlesborough and Stockton.

**A Noted Woman Dead.**

By the death of Harriet Beecher  
Stowe we have lost a woman whose  
name will be handed down to posterity  
as one of the benefactors of the race;  
in this particular case, the colored  
race. Though Granville, Sharp, and  
many others did much to create a con-  
science on the question of slavery, it  
remained for this lady, with her won-  
derful human sympathy, to create  
"Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book which,  
as a beacon fire blazing on the hill-  
top, let in a flood of light on the  
horror of the inhumanized human traffic  
as still prevalent the whole world over.  
It bruised the serpent's head.  
Lincoln's famous emancipation  
proclamation rang out its death-knell  
in the ears of the slaves. Mrs.  
Stowe is now dead. Lincoln is dead;  
Uncle Tom is dead. Lincoln is dead;  
and the majority of the slaves who took part in the  
emancipation are dead. Let us hope  
that the slaves who are still in addition to  
being legally free, may also rejoice in  
being free in Christ Jesus.

**Around Headquarters.**

COLONEL JACOBS and Staff-Cap-  
tain Hargrave were at Bowmanville for  
last Sunday's meetings.

ENSIGN PUGH is supplying Rich-  
mond Street Corps, while Adjutant  
Byers has a short furlough.

CADET JAMIESON, of the Com-  
mandant's Office has been pro-  
moted Lieutenant.

Captain Welsh, of the Commissioner's  
Office, is now Ensign.

THE EDITOR is having a few days'  
well-earned rest at Huntsville.

Dad Travers, a Temple Soldier, and  
Mr. Innes, formerly of the Social Farm,  
left for Australia.

STAFF CAPTAIN JOHN, Trade  
Secretary, is furloughing to Palmer-  
ston, and Ensign Baldwin, of the Child-  
ren's Staff, at London, Ont.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN HAR-  
GEE has been having some good  
meetings in the "Child of  
Jesus" Song Service. Many people's  
blessing rest upon them!

MAJOR WHITE, the Winnipeg Ju-  
nior Soldier, has arrived in Toronto  
for training for officership.

CADET THOMAS expect a home-  
ward to come to us very shortly.

MAJOR READ is preparing the Har-  
vest Festival hand-book.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. MCLEAN, of  
the Temple Corps, are rejoicing over  
their new boy Cadet.

DOT AND JAI will be staying at the Tem-  
ple Corps on Sunday.

AN AUSTRALIAN Lassie Lieuten-  
ant, is training the Corps among  
the goldminers, in a camp for two  
days in an "escort" coach, between two  
mounted policemen, with a box of gold  
for her footstool.



A FEW lines to hand from Major  
Bennett says he is immensely pleased  
with the Commissioner's visit to Fargo  
and Grand Forks. The weather was  
not so hot as to expect crowds, but they came  
all the same.

A FEW District Officers are chang-  
ing, principally those in the North-  
West. The many effect a few of the  
Ontario Staff, yet not at present many  
eyes are turned Westward.

THE QUESTION of the hour this  
week is the WAR CRY BOOM. I am  
afraid, however, that it will not be long  
before the instructions of the Head-Boomer  
are carried out to the letter and in the  
spirit as well, not only can 10,000 extra  
be sold this week, but 20,000.

THE carrying out of the instructions  
means that tens of thousands of people  
will be faced with a War Cry, and  
not only asked to buy, but almost be-  
ing compelled to buy. The Kingdom  
of God will not suffer violence, and the  
violent take it by force.

NOT simply walking book-stalls,  
from whom people can buy if they so  
choose, and if they please to do so,  
but there must be a exciting of them  
in such a way that you will refuse to  
say "no" for an answer.

CAN it be done? Of course it can.

A Temple Soldier tackled the Chief  
Secretary the other day and would not  
let him pass until he had bought two.

IT is the principle underlying it all  
that we want everybody to see. The  
Kingdom of God, simply go on it will not do, the  
Kingdom of God, is of no use. What is wanted is  
force, push, drive, energy, pluck and  
courage in every department of the War.

WE are all sorry to hear that Frig-  
der Margate has been sick and unable  
to fill his appointments. May Heaven's  
blessing rest upon them!

MAJOR GASKIN has gone into his  
new duties very well. He is getting  
to be quite a farmer. He is  
much impressed with many things; he  
believes in the future of Canada; has  
attended a few Board of Education  
meetings, and is much interested in  
the fact that Headquarters is  
very poor, and rather wonders how we  
all manage to keep so sweet, so good-  
tempered, and happy with it all.

USE becomes second nature, and pos-  
sibly, next to the fact that Headquarters  
Staff have the experience that  
they are kept by the power of God,  
there may be something in the "being  
used up" to it. Anyway, poverty is no  
crime.

AUSTRALIA has a War Cry Boomer  
over 81 years of age.

**The Commissioner**

**at  
Butte, Helena and Spokane.**

2,000 PEOPLE IN A TENT—27 SOULS AT THE  
MERRY SEAT.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

Commissioner received enthusiastic  
reception at Butte. Great crowds  
turned out to hear her. Strong men  
wept, and sinners saved; lasting im-  
pression made. Helena, whose  
council inspiring; soldiers met Com-  
missioner on train, singing "There's  
a welcome home." Special tent erected.  
Two thousand people listen to Com-  
missioner. The influence of this  
meeting will never die. Spokane, very  
hot. The Commissioner led three  
powerful meetings on Sunday in a  
tent-theatre with wonderful success.  
Twenty-seven souls at the merry seat  
Great shout in the camp. splendid  
crowd in the First Methodist Church  
Monday night. Pray for Com-  
missioner's strength. Full reports mailed.

MAJOR FEINREICH.

**JOTTINGS**

By the General Secretary.

HAMILTON FOOD AND SHELTER  
TO BE OPENED—A NEW JUNIOR  
OR SOLDIER'S MANUAL—BAND  
OF LOVE TO BE STARTED.

"Why, certainly! How could it be  
otherwise? The young men throughout the  
country are all here, and such a warm-hearted lot of  
comrades, too! full of fire and zeal, ready  
and willing to go anywhere."

The Chief Secretary has recently had  
an afternoon's half-holiday—not be-  
fore he had time to do all the time  
as follows: Left the office at 12,  
walked out to the Social Park, went  
over the place, explained the whole  
business to the General Secretary, and  
then at 1 o'clock, conducted the Farm  
meeting, which was very enjoyable.

The meeting was a success, and  
the Chief Secretary was in a happy mood: Mrs. Jacobs gave some  
sound advice; Mrs. Gaskin testified  
and said, "Adjutant Burdette led some  
rallying and cheering, Captain Byers  
ran in and testified, and the General  
Secretary ventured a few remarks. We  
had a rattling good time. The testi-  
monies of the saved Colonists were  
most inspiring, especially when Can-  
ley danced for joy.

Ensign Dold, speaking of the Offi-  
cers who assist him on the Farm, says  
that he wonders how such a Godly,  
industrious lot of men ever got together  
in one place. That's good testi-  
monial. Thank God for such men! I say  
amen!

The Hamilton Food and Shelter De-  
pot is to be opened in the Fall, and we  
predict that this will be a great  
blessing to the city. An Officer of ex-  
perience is being selected to take  
charge.

The New Junior Soldier Surgeants' Com-  
munication Manual is now in course of  
preparation, and I hear that this is to be  
ready in time to go into the hands of  
the Colonists. It will be divided into  
each lesson, and it is proposed to have  
it bound in linen covers.

There will be continuance of the  
Notes in the War Cry and Young  
Soldier, which will further assist the  
Sergeants in doing thoroughly  
with the lesson.

The Band of Love is to be got into  
line almost immediately. Already, a  
few bands are being made in this direction  
in the Temple Corps, and the drill  
also, are to be started at once.

The Commissioner is very anxious  
that the Junior work throughout the  
whole Territory should become a great  
success, and let me assure you that she  
will spare no effort in order to make  
it so.

Every Comrade must take the child-  
ren's work seriously to heart, and  
work, and pray, and believe and fight  
as earnestly to bring the children to  
God as is done to lead the older ones  
to Him.

Push! The War Cry and Young  
Soldier! Hundreds have been saved  
through reading these papers. Let me  
say that they are real live, red-hot  
and interesting periodicals.

## PERSONAL.

To the Prodigal  
A Letter from the Field Commissioner.

As I think about you, I feel as though you must be very sorry. You have told me your tale of sorrow, as so many others have done—how you wandered from God and righteousness, how hard and rough your feet have found the way, and how alone and desolate there is at your heart in all your bitter and more solemn moments; how, whenever you come in contact with good people, or hear a holy prayer, or catch a sound of organ music, a thousand memories are awakened, which are so painful in their contrast to your present experiences that your heart is nigh to breaking, and I fear I cannot give you the opportunity of writing to you through the medium of the special *War Cry*.

## You are so Unhappy.

No one knows about it, you never say so, you always try not to show it, and perhaps few would think it; but the world is none the easier to bear. You are unhappy all the same, in spite of the smile you endeavor to keep, the influence of your godless associates, the company of the saloon you visit, the *backsliders* with whom you have sought your mind-trials back to the happy days you used to spend, and the joys of rich and lasting worth you used to know when a follower of Christ and an upholder of the God-troubl'd cause, and it cannot be otherwise than that bitter regret be yours.

There may be times when you forget, but a backslider never forgets for long; and, anyway, a backslider's salvation is almost lost; and in his rough journey there are voices calling out of the past; perhaps to-night it is the strains of a prayer-meeting song following you through the darkness on your way home; yesterday it was the coming across of an old red jersey in a seldom opened cupboard, or the finding of a little cartridge envelope cast aside; and, to-day, you are probably meeting an old comrade who belongs to the people whom once you loved; all awake the tenderest feelings and stir up some of the strongest and best that you have; when you take off the song, the jersey, the little cartridge envelope, and the old comrade point you back to what you used to be. Once you were found in the ranks of the holy, a comrade in the cause of God, a blessing to those around you, when it was your glory to be in the battle and share in the brunt of the fight, when you could always be found at the general stand, and when your voice was heard in the singing, when your prayers were fervent, and your faith was strong, when your children blessed you, and sinners were warned by you; for that was some 40 years ago; in the praise of God who were brought into the Kingdom through your instrumentality, while you yourself are in danger of becoming a coward; and these voices you see them and they say "God bless you," as you pass in the street. You can never forget them, or the joy of heart that night you left them to Jesus; how you loved Him; for, for nothing worthy to be a fether of you! Oh, what memories! they can never be forgotten, they are of everlasting life, they point to the truth of eternity, and they will live on and on for ever, and they will condemn you at the bar of God. Angels will surely weep as they are recorded, telling how you started, and declaring what you might have been.

I fear they will make hell more bitter than tongue can express. No, you are not happy—you never can be until you have returned to the Father.

## You Have Gone Back.

You have turned aside from a true right and holy course of conduct both towards God and towards man. You have turned your back upon your Master who blessed and saved and lifted you into a condition of purity, peace and holiness; and you have given back to unbelief, sin and misery. You are living in rebellion against Him, He who loves you and sought you, who shall be blushing before your Master to walk in the light, which never failed to shine upon your path while you walked in harmony with its teaching. You transgress against His laws, which are the laws of purity and everlasting good. You daily act contrary to the dictates of your conscience, that God-given beacon light which would lead you home to peace and to Heaven if you would but follow it.

Whatever your feelings may be regarding your backslidings, whether

first love and that burning passion which made you so precious to God and the Angels, and went from hot to cool, and from cool to cold; or possibly you were recently accused, or spoken evil of, Hell is the place to go to persuade you that you had sufficient reason for sending in your commission or asking for your name to be taken off the rolls of the living; and the Master, who for your sake is numbered with the transgressors. I cannot say what has been the cause of your wandering, but I do know that you have fallen—fallen from the heights of joy, peace and blessing, to such terrible depths of sin, shame and despair, and you are hastening on to stand with the multitude which no man numbered of all nations, before the Throne and the Lamb.

## Remember Eternity.

You will see the redeemed there, the lions of God, the ransomed, the saved for Jesus, the who be on in the fires and were faithful unto death. They will wear white robes, they will wave white palms, they will sing the songs of triumph, they will clap their hands for joy. Fathers will meet sons, mothers kiss daughters, the weary find rest and the toilers will be crowned. The Lamb will be the center of it, tribulation and made their robes white in the Blood of the Lamb, and with one voice the ransomed throng will shout, "Glory, and glory, and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor, for our God might be unto our God for ever." But on the left, there will be the drunkards, blasphemers, wife-beaters, gamblers, liars, thieves, worldlings and BACKSLIDERS, the host multitude of lost souls. They would not stop, they NEGLECTED to think, they REFUSED to pray.

We have found in the long, dark procession of these, the most sorrowful of all classes, whose weeping will be the bitterest, whose regret will be the keenest, whose burden will be the heaviest, with the knowledge that ages of eternity will have to remember what once they were, and to think of what they might have been. No, you need not fear that you must come home; Jesus is calling you, bring in your burden, tell Him your sorrow and confess all your sins. While the Blood is flowing near you, while mercy is around you, and while Angels are around you, make your way back to Calvary's strame.

This week there are thousands praying for you. Go to the special meeting held every Wednesday night at your Corps and give your heart to God. Don't argue that it is too late and say, while your heart breaks, that you have gone too far. Remember that the gates of salvation are open. God, if you are outside the gates of hell, can reach and redeem you. Don't think that the past can never be forgotten! It will be forgotten, forgotten on earth and in heaven, and when your old comrades you can take your old place, pardoned by Jesus and cleansed by His Blood, and to live shall be victory, and to die shall be victory.

I am thinking of you; I am believing for you; I yearn over you; I want you for the Kingdom and for the fight. Come home and come now.

EVANGELINE BOOTH.



## "I Will Arise and Go to My Father."

they have caused you bitter remorse or not, here is the great fact staring you in the face, that you have gone back from God and goodness, your feet are running the ways of sin, your heart is full of sin, your life is full of misery, failure, your influence on others is for bad, you have betrayed your Lord, disgraced His cause, and broken your most sacred pledges. On Edward and think of those messages against your God, yourself and your neighbor must be pardoned!

I do not know what was the cause of your turning aside; I cannot possibly say. Perhaps it was for the want of watching that you fell under the power of some suggestion; perhaps for the want of trusting, when happening to you, that you did come, the meaning of which you could not understand; you feared to follow in the dark. Perhaps it was because you could not understand the devil whispered, "The cross is greater than you can bear," and you forgot the grace the martyrs proved, and, may be, some of your loved ones gone before. Perhaps it was that you wearied in well-doing, when you forsook your

missioner in going straight for the soul of the lowest and the lost.

As an evidence of the success and solidity of the work, we might mention that almost every person who has come from Quebec to push the War in other places. Among the number are, Ensign McHarg, of Cobourg; Dist. Capt. Captain McLean, of Montreal; Sergt. Collier, the Colley girls, the Clark girls, Mrs. Baird, Edward Douglas, all in Quebec Corps, now active workers in Montreal. Four others are preparing for the work.

Then, again, we have

## Our Food and Shelter Depot

Hundreds have already shared in the

benefits of this Institution. The poor men out of work, far from home and friends, find it pleasant to have good, clean food, and a comfortable place to sleep to them. The man getting odd jobs, here and there, finds it comfortable and economical; the hard-working man, getting four dollars per week, finds it a great relief. He is glad to find himself away from the temptation to drink, surrounded by good influences calculated to inspire within him a spirit of manliness and soundness.

Again, we visit from door to door amongst all classes, spreading joy and gladness, sunshine and good-will everywhere, in the streets of Quebec. All The World, and other interesting but

pure literature. Yes, the Salvation Army is a blessing to Quebec. The time is coming very soon when human beings will worship at the feet of a loving Christ. We need more Officers and Soldiers who are willing to suffer, and, if necessary, die for Jesus' sake—T. A. Magee, Adjutant.

## WANTED AT ONCE.

GOOD COOK wanted at once for the Salvation Army, Quebec. "Joe Beef's," Montreal, will be pleased to find opportunity for Salvationists to work for God and souls. Apply to Ensign Ross.

## SALVATION in QUEBEC.

WHAT THE ARMY DOES FOR THE POOR PEOPLE—THE FOOD AND SHELTER DEPOT BEFRIENDS MANY.

You asked, "What is the Salvation Army doing in Quebec?" First, we are fearlessly, definitely, and desperately following Jesus through evil report as well as good; living to live for Jesus, to God, to Country. Secondly, we are doing our level best to faithfully represent our world-wide Army, our grand old General, and our very Com-

missioner in going straight for the soul of the lowest and the lost.

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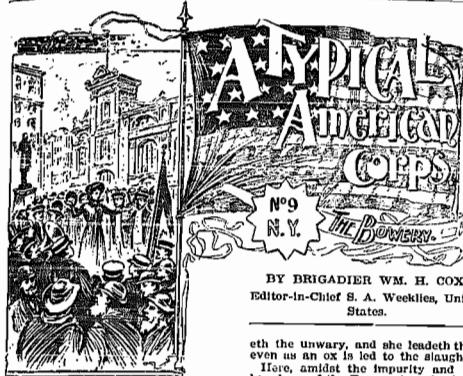
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BY BRIGADIER WM. H. COX.  
Editor-in-Chief A. S. Weekley, United States.

eth the unwary, and she leadeth them even as an ox is led to the slaughter.

Here, amidst the impurity and debauchery, the world is to be found a Salvation Army Hall. "The Word that killeth and yet maketh alive" is faithfully preached, and a living Christ uplifted. As a physician might prescribe the flesh to carry away the cancer, so do our dear officers and soldiers, with devoted earnestness, are to be heard nightly, denouncing these debase snarls, showing the people that they are not to be despised, but are temporarily lulled to penitence by pleasurable excitement, entreatting them to abandon their wickedness and accept the salvation held out to them by the beloved Lord.

The opening of the Bowery Corps was a wise and important strategie move. It is a strong corps in every respect, has gone forward with leaps and bounds, and has surprised us with some good officers. At present there are about 150 soldiers.

Among the prominent converts are Captain Fritz Nie,

AN EX-GERMAN MILITARY OFFICER,

now on our staff as editor of the Kriegs-ruf—a brother in ease and Brother Justice, the saved dynamiter, who vowed to "avenge the wrongs of an army." The type of humanity reached and saved at this corps may readily be guessed at, and the particulars relating to the case given below can be duplicated in many other cases. Brother Justice, in homely physiognomy, says: "I am so glad I came in contact with the Salvation Army. I went to one of their meetings about two years ago for the first time to hear the Word of God, but to get a good warming up, as I felt very cold. It was there I brightened up as I heard that Jesus was mighty to save. I tried to live over and over again in another life, taking pledges, only to break them again within a few hours' time, losing one position after the other—aye, more, my home was broken up, and I was cast into the jaws of dissolution. I began to realize there was no hope for me, that I was doomed; I ate a drunkard's death. But it was that night I found a better people, and the next day (Tuesday) who showed me the way to the Saviour, and I found what I was looking for. The once craving desire for drink and wrong-doing has been completely quenched in the love of God. Talk of getting back into the world—no, never! I have had enough of it. I know a good thing when I have it. My only ambition for the remainder of my life is to be a faithful flower pure of color but without scent, alongside the

Leaving the New York side of the world-famed Brooklyn Bridge, I find myself on Park Place, leading directly to it. We become bewildered at the amazing number of saloons planted here, there, and everywhere. Unholy growth these, with a fruitage bitter and sour, and the atmosphere around us all aglow with the glitter and glare of richly-colored windows, shuddering forth the rays of innumerable electric and gas-beacon lights, if you like it not, however, to the number of persons in the presence of the shoal or quicksand, but temptingly to invite them on, until, alas! they are stranded along the coast-line of time, and oh! how often, when I see them, am I moved to tears.

A most heterogeneous crowd is always to be seen on the Bowery; day or night brings little cessation of the rush to all parts of the metropolis for their dissipation and pleasure. Those who are high-toned, or like so many of earth's countenances, would wish people to think them so, can spend an evening at one of the principal saloons. These are, however, sumptuously decorated, and, as a rule, owned by Teutons. Here you may find the wealthy merchant and the ex-convict, the man of wealth and the man born to a beautiful flower pure of color but without scent, alongside the

HORDE OF UNREPENTANT MAGDALENE,

drinking, coarsely jesting, and all to the accompaniment of music wailed on the air by orchestras of unquestionably competent female instrumentalists.

Wherever you see a number of saloons, you find interesting scenes of a profligate nature. Inches of time and places designated by the three golden bands. What a tale of woe these places could unfold. There is also present the awful infliction—the deadly opium curse.

Of course the fallen woman is in evidence. Down the street, in spite of the sweepings of numerous moral waves, men and women have by the score, "fallen angels." And long since Solomon spoke of their parading the streets in the twilight, in the evening, in the moon and dark night. Alas! how their oily words and forward manner endu-

A person visiting the metropolis to "see the elephant"—or, in other words, "take in the sights"—would think his visit incomplete without trotting round the Bowery and more or less certainly an out-of-the-way spot would have a somewhat similar feeling. Were he to transact his business and leave town without visiting the Bowery Corps. As well might he neglect to explore the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of our splendid new Headquarters.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Ensign Barr has paid us another very welcome visit. The Lantern Service deserves special mention and every body enjoyed it. We have left our old Drill Hall and hold our meetings in a hall on the celebrated "Campbell's Corner." Our new Captain has arrived from Toronto to assist us in our work. The first order we have come for Lieutenant Egger, who has been made a blessing to many during his stay in Victoria. Another "Fool Day" was spent at Oak Bay on Esquimalt Day, when Captain Sheard was with us from Nanaimo.—Annie Reilly.

MORRISBURG.—Our old friend, the new Provincial Secretary, Major Sharpe, assisted by our new District Officer, Adjutant Weyman, paid us a visit on Saturday evening. A very profitable time was spent.—Amy E. Norman, Captain : Cadet Adeline.

CHESTERLEY.—Ice-cream social grand success. Friday, half-night of prayer; Sunday, good meetings; one soul captured for Jesus. Hallucination!—Cadet Remond.

#### A CYCLONE AT PARIS.

A Hailstone Cyclone swept through the town of Paris on Wednesday evening. It started above the bridge on River Street about 8 p. m., and took a sweep down to the old open-air stand, where it struck the upper tier of the stand. Adjutant Dowell, Charlie and Happy Joe, so forcibly that it sent them whirling around the ring. After about fifteen minutes' kick-up it swept on to the Salle d'Armes, where the excitement had drawn a large crowd. There was quite a lot of damage done to the devil's kingdom. A number of chimney-tops were severed, sleepers moved from their places. By this time the wind had twisted to the left; it began to get colder, so cold that we had to leave in abundance. The Parisian style, and went the hot-cakes on a January day.—Secretary W. McLaughlin, R. C.

#### How Seth Backhouse Caught the Crowd With a Cat and Kittens.

SETH BACKHOUSE, once a drunkard, backslidden minister, now a Captain in the Salvation Army, appeared at an open-air meeting by a rowdy crowd, particularly a young fellow, who sat on top of a fence.

"Hi, there, you man on the fence, and you too. What is it that a cat has that nothing else has?"

The rowdy was puzzled, and replied: "Get it up, Governor."

"Why, kitten, you bleak it!" He caught the cat and had good attention and preached Salvation to his heart's content.

You will read all about this noted man in All the World, 10c a copy.

MR. GLEDHILL, Treasurer of Irontonville Corps, and Police Constable for the District, once, to disarm suspicion, made an arrest in full Salvation Army uniform.

## THE LIFE-BOAT, TORONTO.

Everyday Incidents—Hungry for Thirty-Six Hours—What Drink did for one Man's Home.

OUR experiences are many and varied, nevertheless the Lifeboat crew are a jolly crowd as we endeavor to remember.

"Don't you know me, Captain?" asked a tough-looking man at my side as I stood in the door of the Lifeboat one day. I just went and looked at him, and a dim recollection of him in different circumstances came to me. "I know your face, but cannot place you." "Where?" "Where it all came to me. Several years ago I was a very comfortable home where his beautiful wife and bright baby girl seemed so happy. Now, where are you to him in this condition?" "Where?" "What are you doing now?" I questioned in astonishment. It was the old story of drink, followed by a broken home.

#### A QUARREL AND SEPARATION:

husband and wife were parted for over two years, she, living with friends; he in a neighboring country like a chip on the wing. The husband promised to mend his ways and seek for steady employment. He also promised to write to his wife. Although not sober, he has kept sober since then. That is only one of the many cases we meet.

A man asked for a chance to earn his supper in the wood-yard, but after a while sat down exhausted. He had not tasted a bit of food for thirty-six hours.

"Can you give me a night's lodgings?" he asked a large, fat, Jewish-looking man who was working in the wood-yard. "Yes, if you will agree to work for it in the morning," I replied. After trying to make many excuses for not working to that proposal, he decided to go elsewhere. Such people are not worthy of charity.

Captain Fletcher has his hands full managing the Lifeboat. The wood-yard is a busy place, many men, but we can do a larger business. We need money, food and clothes, and above all, orders for wood and coal.—W. Ritchie, Ensign.

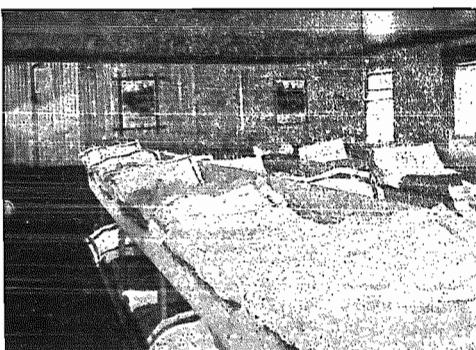
#### A. S. A. BANKER.

A LATE Salvation Army Soldier of Paris is a banker in the capital of a country where "conversions" are forbidden by law. But he makes Salvation Army books and papers on his own—can't agree to that proposal. He is now starting a kind of Y. M. C. A. which will save souls, but yet be technically just within the bounds of the law.

#### AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN HARRIS GRAVES' mother was the fifth Christian in the world. She was born in the early days of the open-air through hearing one of the young men testify in the streets.

ADJUTANT MANTON told us the other night in the Jubilee Barracks that Richmond Street Corps used to take 1,600 War Crys in the early days, and sometimes a dollar was paid for a single Cry.



A Denotary of the "Life Boat," Toronto.





